Des. He saies he will returne incontinent:
He hath commanded me to goe to bed,
And bad me to dismisse you.
Em. Dismisse me?
Des. It was his bidding, therefore good *Emillia*,
Giue me my nightly wearing, and adiue,
We must not now displease him.
Em. I would you had neuer seene him.
Des. So would not I, my loue doth so approue him,
That euen his stubbornenesse, his checks and frownes.
Prethee vnpin me; haue grace and fauour in them.
Em. I haue laid these sheetes you bade me, on the bed.
Des. All's one good faith: how foolish are our minds?
If I doe die before thee, prethee shrowd me
In one of those same sheetes.
Em. Come, come, you talke.
Des. My mother had a maid cald *Barbary*,
She was in loue, and he she lou'd, prou'd mad,
And did forsake her, she has a song of willow,
An old thing 'twas, but it expreſt her fortune,
And she died singing it, that Song to night,
Will not goe from my mind -- harke, who's that knocks?
Em. It is the wind:
Des. Now get thee gone, good night:
Mine eyes doe itch, does that bode weeping?
Em. Tis neither here nor there.
Des. Wouldst thou doe such a deed, for all the world?
Em. Why would not you.
Des. No, by this heauenly light.
Em. Nor I neither, by this heauenly light,
I might doe it as well in the darke.
Des. Would thou doe such a thing for all the world?
Em. The world is a huge thing, it is a great price,
For a small vice.
Des. Good troth I thinke thou wouldst not.
Em. By my troth I thinke I should, and vndo't when I had done it, mary I would not doe such a thing for a ioynt ring; or for measures

sures of Lawne, nor for Gowne
such exhibition; but for the wh
not make her husband a Cuckol
venture purgatory for it.
Des. Beshrew me, if I woul
For the whole world.
Em. Why, the wrong is but
world for your labour, tis a wr
might quickly make it right.
Des. I doe not thinke there i
Em. Yes, a dozen, and as m
the world they played for.
Des. Good night, good nig
Not to picke bad from bad, but

Act

Enter Iago *a*
Iag. Here stand behind this
Weare thy good Rapier bare, a
Quicke, quicke, feare nothing, I'
It makes vs or it marres vs, think
And fixe most firme thy resolu
Rod. Be neere at hand, I ma
Iag. Here at thy hand, be bo
Rod. I haue no great deuot
And yet he has giuen me satisfy
Tis but a man gone: forth my s
Iag. I haue rubd this young
And he growes angry now: wh
Or *Cassio* kim, or each doe kill t
Euery way makes my game; li
He calls me to a restitution larg
For Gold and Iewells, that I bo
As gifts to *Desdemona*:
It must not be, if *Cassio* doe rem

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22304) LONDON, 1600 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.33